

CHOCOLATE IMPOSTOR

INTRO: IT HURTS WHEN YOU'RE MEAN TO US

The other night, Debbie and I both had the same dream. We dreamed that you didn't like us. And we cried for days.

Your approval is very important to us. That's because you do your own zine, which we like very much. But you wrote a negative review of *ANSWER Me!* and shattered our special friendship. You betrayed our love. You broke the fragile chain which links the zine community together.

But unlike most people, I wake up from my dreams. So in the REAL world—and I'll take a polygraph test to prove it—I called you up on the telephone. And this is what you said:

**"A lot of people like your magazine....
I liked it until you started threatening us."**

—Darby, a trust-fund baby from
Los Angeles who writes about
life as an airhead

**"I've never seen something so extreme
get so much attention....All my friends
liked *ANSWER Me!*, so I wrote the
review to piss them off."**

—Aaron, a homely Kentuckian who features
beautiful women on his zine's cover

**"It was originally a good review, but
we told the guy to change it, because
you've been getting too many good
reviews."**

—Jack, a dull boy who edits a fluffily
postmodern *Spex* clone out of San Francisco

**"I hadn't even seen a copy of *ANSWER
Me!* when I trashed you. I just heard it
was the biggest zine in New York, so I
had to cut it down."**

—Selwyn, a tough guy from Brooklyn who's
afraid to fight

Those are their "real" first names, or at least how they list them in their zines. I'm not going to print their last names, nor the names of their zines, because I didn't want to embarrass them. I'm still hoping that we can all, you know, work it out behind the scenes. And frankly, why should I give them free publicity? They've given me plenty of free publicity, but since—criminy!—they've been so MEAN to me, I don't feel compelled to return the favor.

But I still feel like crying. My tummy churns with the sense that my dear friends were lying to me over the phone. I think they were only trying to soften the pain for me. I don't think they gave us negative reviews because they were jealous. I think it was because they REALLY didn't like us. And it HURTS us.



CHOCOLATE IMPULSE: JUST ANOTHER INTERRACIAL LESBIAN VIRTUAL-REALITY ZINE FROM KENTUCKY

We wanted you to like us so badly, we created a zine which catered to your tastes. A zine which we knew you'd like. And we **do** know what you like. We know you better than you know yourself.

We gave you what you wanted. We erected a total zine environment tailor-made just for you, a politically correct nativity scene which would push all your buttons, tug at your prejudices, and exploit your predictable sympathies. It was easy:

- We know that REDNECKS are the underground's favorite burning effigies, so we cast them as the enemies in our fantasy diorama;
- Boho bumblebees despise the hetero lifestyle almost as much as they hate rednecks, so we made our protagonists GAY;
- Since so much counterCULT rhetoric is anti-male, we made those gay characters LESBIANS;
- And since the rednecks were looming in the bushes, it seemed more valiant that our heroes were INTERRACIAL lesbians, with the black partner a dominant bisexual.



Pretentious French butt plug—
the back cover to
CHOCOLATE IMPULSE

ANSWER Me! pulls a hoax on
its zine-world enemies by creating a zine
which hates **ANSWER Me!**



The making of *Chocolate Impulse* (left to right): 1,2...Debbie remains stoic throughout the physically demanding cover-photo sessions; 3...Preparing the squid; 4...Smearing the squid on each copy during the controversial (and not-yet-patented) "stink-wrapping" process.

I knew these imaginary broads would win an Instant Sympathy Award for their tri-leveled alternative lifestyle, their bohemia taken to the third power, their Underground Cubed—not only were they LESBIANS, they were SALT-AND-PEPPER lesbians forced to weather the scorching intolerance of inbred REDNECKS! Talk about OUTSIDERS. Interracial Appalachian lesbians—there's a screenplay in there somewhere.

The fantasy editors, we decided, would publish a zine called *Chocolate Impulse*. Debbie adopted the pseudonym of "Valerie Chocolate," the conquering black dyke poetess. I was the pallid "Faith Impulse," sweet but more shy and analytical. "Valerie" was the name of a cat I used to have. "Faith" referred to Faith Goad, witness to our 1987 Vegas trailer-park marriage and wife of

Reverend Walker Goad, the preacher who hitched us. The inside-cover pictures of "Val" and "Faith" came from some Frog bondage rag. So did the French-language ad for the "Analissimo," a chrome butt plug we featured on the back cover.

I wrote all of the "Faith Impulse" articles. I wrote them as quickly and thoughtlessly as possible, banging away at the keyboard like an android, spewing fallacious logic like milk from an over-ripe udder.

We made our phony zine exuberantly awful in the way only zines can be. Just so you'd think we're AUTHENTIC, we aimed for purely shit-rag aesthetics: a cryptic, inscrutable cover shot; jagged strips of typewritten copy pasted over fuzzy background patterns; crossed-out page numbers; incongruous news-clipping headlines;

medical-text drawings of vaginas and uteri; "found" religious images; caustically political one- and two-sheets decrying rapists and "sexist, redneck pigs"; postcards of dinosaurs juxtaposed with newspaper ads for peaches; and a liberal peppering of typos and grammatical atrocities.

Of course, we made it digest-sized, because that's *ziny*. We decided it would be thirty-two pages long, because that size seems archetypically *ziny*. We charged a dollar and two twenty-nine-cent stamps for it, because that price is about as *ziny* as it gets. The cover was a full-color laser copy, and the editorial page was copied on chocolatey brown stock, because different-colored pages are very *ziny*. To give it that personalized, gimmicky, "collector's-item" varnish, we "stink-wrapped" each copy, allegedly with Faith Impulse's acrid vaginal juices. We used a pound of supermarket squid instead, smearing malodorous sea creatures onto the editorial page, making our zine smell like a CUNT. Interestingly, most reviewers seemed to mistake the squid stains for human feces.

BLOW-BY-BLOW

Here's an article-by-article breakdown of what we stuffed into *Chocolate Impulse's* thirty-two pages:

★ INTRO: JUST 2 DYKES FROM KENTUCKY

"My real name isn't Faith Impulse," reads a passage from this, the leadoff piece. "Neither is 'Valerie Chocolate' my co-editor's name." Not one of you schlumps stopped to think that maybe our names were Jim and Debbie Goad, did you?

Faith (me) goes on to detail interracial lesbian life in the suffocating little town of Freeburn, Kentucky, a place "on the fringes of nowhere," an oppressive Reich where men—WHITE men—rule the earth like monsters, their cracker schlongs poised like earth-splitting war missiles. Faith claims to be a victim of hate crimes, alleging that hostile mom-and-kid redneck commando squads



Man-Haters: The rabidly anti-rape centerfold to our hoax-zine, *Chocolate Impulse*. All other uncaptioned illustrations throughout this article were taken straight outta *Chocolate Impulse*.

have thrown bottles at her. She calls her landlord "a big, fat, homophobic, racist, macho sexist pig who don't like blacks much less BLACK LESBIANS." She also states that her boss, a veterinarian, tried to molest her: "You're a pig, Doc, and I recommend that you be neutered like most of the horny, uncontrollable Dobermans who come through our office doors."

When Faith and Val aren't munchin' labia, they're worrying about the ubiquitous lynch mob, which waits around every corner to string their race-traitor lezzie asses up on a tree. Faith reveals her savagely clichéd dream of moving to the BIG CITY, where there aren't so many dumb hillbillies.

At rant's end, she unspools the hackneyed "How are you doing? Let us know with your letters what your hopes and dreams are" paragraph. With typical zine hospitality, she invites the readers to contact her and Val if they're ever in Freeburn, adding, "Who knows? If you're our type, maybe we can even get a threesome going."

You see, it ALWAYS returns to sex with these girls. It's a cheap prat-fall, a sure laugh, throughout *Chocolate Impulse*. When ontological questions become too heavy for the girls to hoist, they hop into the sack and tongue each other's clam casinos. Give them sex. Give them SEX. Give them **S-E-X**. Their response is Pavlovian: They'll come wagging their tails, salivating, barking for you to throw them a bone.

★ IN THE CROSSHAIRS

This is the ticking time bomb inside *Chocolate Impulse*, its raison d'être—an anti-ANSWER Me! screed (see layout, facing page). This was the bait for the zine boobs. The article, "In the Crosshairs," was ostensibly intended to be a regular *Chocolate Impulse* column wherein Faith criticizes someone she feels is detrimental to the nebulous "scene." Her first targets were, naturally, "Jim and Debbie Goad of the way-too-popular ANSWER Me! zine." Faith regurgitates every negative misconception ever hurled our way, although I must admit she's a better writer than most of our critics. In fact, we had to do our own anti-ANSWER Me! rant because yours were all so poorly written. Faith calls us "self-absorbed egomaniacs...middle-aged poseurs" who radiate "slick, elitist smugness." She also finds some troubling undertones in what we do: "Their secret agenda—and it should be obvious to anyone with half a brain in her head—is to suppress any truly progressive thought in favor of a return to THE SAME OLD SHIT—racist, sexist, fascist, classist, white-male-dominated society." But she predicts that the underground will ultimately triumph against ANSWER Me! without having to fire a shot: "Hate destroys the person who hates, and Jim Goad will destroy himself."

Apart from being holy revenge against sniping zine weenies, *Chocolate Impulse* was also fashioned as a preemptive strike against feminist criticism of this here "rape" issue. Save your precious postage stamps, ladies—Faith Impulse has already handled the fringe-femme death threats for you. Somehow, perhaps through reading some other zine, Faith has been made aware that ANSWER Me! was planning to do an issue about rape. "WE ARE THE WOMEN OF THE NIGHT," she warns me. If I intended to joke about women's suffering in my rape issue, Faith vows to submit me to "the same violence you dream about in your bedroom, only this time it'll be REAL. Don't fuck with this Kentucky dyke, boy." It's all so much weirder when you realize that I'm Faith. Bored with issuing death threats to others, I started threatening myself.

Even though they theoretically hate ANSWER Me!, I actually like the mythical Valerie and Faith. As predictably sheeplike as they are, they are innocently so. They think they're revolutionary, and for them, that's enough. If they think they're revolutionary, they don't have to do any revolutionary thinking. They're happy that way.

And then, of course, the article reverts to fish-farming. Faith confesses that she's had a crush on Debbie, inviting her to swim away from me and into the briny pools of lesbianism. Faith comes on to my wife! I mean—I come on to my wife. As a lesbian. I'm confused.

★ VAGINISMUS

The sex train chugs along with the next article, a fiction piece by Valerie Chocolate (Debbie) which opens with the confession, "I broke my hymen with an exacto [sic] knife. Ouch!"



★ DEATH IN MY LIFE

This is Valerie Chocolate's grimly confessional essay. The piece consists of Debbie's ruminations about actual dead friends. Only the names have been changed. It garnered a lot of sympathy mail for Val. I wonder if they'd have empathized if they knew it was Debbie?

★ JESSE

Another fiction piece by Valerie Chocolate which starts off desperately depressed but quickly devolves into a sordid bestiality scene between a lonely woman and her well-hung doggy. Licking an animal's bony cock is an insurrectionary political statement, don'tcha know?

★ ONLY WORDS...

We also dug up some hand-scribbled poetry from when Debbie was sixteen, drunk, and dosed with acid. Some of that verse was actually good, in my estimation: *After the rain/After all the pain is gone/Then I come out/to you/to see you/Ready and eager to destroy me....* Not bad for a sixteen-year-old grrrl, huh? Debbie also contributed some charmingly ziny drawings: "Valerie Just After Waking Up," which was allegedly drawn by Faith; and "Faith in a Bad Mood," attributed to Valerie.

★ POT-SMOKIN', CUNT-LICKIN', LESBIAN KENTUCKY WEEKEND!

This article, written by Faith, seemed to be the critics' choice. It's a party-weekend narrative wherein Faith and Val are driven by a friend to Prestonburg, where they buy weed; they take a bus to Lexington; find a bar and drink excessively; dance like epileptics to an old jukebox; get their purses stolen; decide to hook for money; seduce a "Goober" character into fucking them for a hundred and fifty bucks plus a hotel room; ditch the Goober; go to a gay disco; find a third female companion; take her back to the hotel; muff-dive all night; and return to Freeburn. I thought I was laying it on a bit thick with this one, but people actually believed it. What a gullible bunch of bananas you all are.

Many people considered the "...Lesbian Kentucky Weekend!" article heroic, when all the girls do is smoke dope and have a lot of sex. Sex is sex. It is rarely theoretical. It isn't revolutionary. It doesn't shock right-wingers into enlightenment, it just makes them think you're repulsive. And you are repulsive. But as long as Faith and Val thrust their twats in each other's faces, you think they're committing acts of sedition. Bitches in heat, misinterpreted as political heroes.

In the article, Faith and Val are driven back and forth to Freeburn by a "cool" guy named Keith. That's a veiled reference to J. Keith Layne of Freeburn, Kentucky, our point man in the hoax. We met J. Keith through the mail when he ordered a copy of ANSWER Me! Without ever having met him, I trusted him to baby-sit the entire hoax. J. Keith is a hardcore Kentucky Satanist. I doubt that he's a murderer, but I'm sure he'd rather slice up your mother than a house cat.

We sent out our original shipment of *Chocolate Impulse* to J. Keith in Freeburn. He in turn mailed them to our targets, ensuring that each envelope would have a Kentucky postmark. For the first mass-mailing, I sent copies to all my zine enemies, plus other zines who weren't enemies but were visibly review-oriented.

Here was the bait for all the zine weasels—our anti-ANSWER Me! article, reprinted verbatim from *CHOCOLATE IMPULSE*.

IN THE CROSSHAIRS

by faith impulse

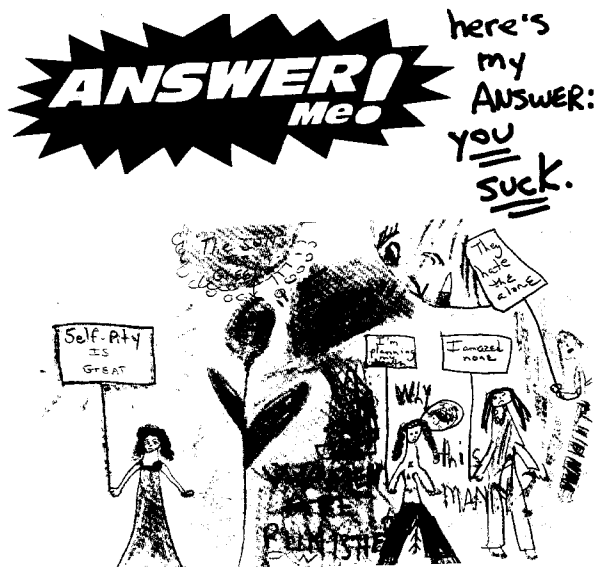
"IN THE CROSSHAIRS" will be a regular feature of Chocolate Impulse. In each issue, we will take aim at a person(s) who we feel has a negative effect on the scene, either through exploiting it, or working against the scene's ideals. We'll say the stuff that everyone else is afraid to say.

In this issue's installment, we focus our crosshairs on Jim and Debbie Goad of the way-too-popular Answer Me! zine. I couldn't think of a better title for it than...

TOO MANY QUESTIONS—NOT ENOUGH ANSWERS.

It's common knowledge that you "shouldn't bite the hand that feeds you", but it looks like Jim and Debbie Goad of Answer Me! zine are making a career out of it. They spend all of their "precious" time criticizing the very "underground" that supports them. If these two self-absorbed egomaniacs, these middle-aged poseurs hate us and don't care what we think, how come they go to the trouble of writing, laying out, printing, and SELLING their opinions to us. If they hate us, how come they're always confiding their problems to us? If they're so anti-social, how come they're doing interviews with every zine in existence? If they don't like people, why do they live in fucking L.A., which has over eight million of us cockroaches?

I'll tell you why, and it's an ANSWER that Jim Goad probably doesn't want to hear—it's all just a sham, a pose, a style, a convenient demeanor. It's just slick, elitist smugness. They're packaging everything that's horrible in the world and selling it back to us in a nice



big, slick, easy-to-read format. And the suckers among us are buying it! What's the matter with y'all—there aren't enough Nazis in the world for you? There aren't enough killers? There aren't enough Klu Klux Klansmen? There aren't enough child molesters who are willing to rape, torture, and kill innocent little children? Do we constantly need to be reminded of their existence?

Now, a glorified carnival barker like Jim Goad will tell you that he's covering all this stuff in the name of "truth," "freedom of speech," and "uncovering stuff that

no one wants to talk about." Their secret agenda—and it should be obvious to anyone with half a brain in her head—is to suppress any truly progressive thought in favor of a return to THE SAME OLD SHIT—racist, sexist, fascist, classist, white-male-dominated society. They present their parade of freaks, hatemongers and other undesirable scum with a knowing smirk— "Isn't this funny?" — but what they're really saying is, "Look out, dykes, queers, and blacks—WE'RE STILL OUT THERE, and there are a lot more of us than there are of you. We can still keep you in your place, either with intimidation or direct violence." The Goad's little magic trick is presented to us under the guise of honesty and humor. I fail to see the truth in what their saying, and I sure as hell ain't laughing.

Hate groups use media to win converts



This picture shows clearly how sneezing without covering the mouth with a handkerchief may spread dangerous bacteria—and cold virus, hatred + racism.

The very fact that the Goads are married proves how mainstream and ordinary they are. Traditional marriage, traditional husband-and-wife roles, traditional jobs, traditional man-on-top sex, traditional lilywhite USA bullshit. How very revolutionary.

Hate. HATE. Where can all this hate go, except down? They're anti-sex, which means they're anti-people, which really means that they hate themselves. Hate destroys the person who hates, and Jim Goad will destroy himself. We don't have to do a thing. The first time he allowed himself to hate freely, to give it full reign, to not step back and question what the eventual outcome of his relentless hate would be, was the time that Jim Goad planted the seeds of his own destruction within himself.

So far, they've covered murder and suicide. They've sympathetically interviewed racists. They've made fun of gay people everywhere with a homophobic article about NAMBLA. It couldn't get worse, could it? Think again. Jim

Goad is now bragging that the next Answer Me! will be devoted to the touching topic of rape. Jim, if you're going to make light of other people's suffering, I've got news for you, brother—there are a lot of us, especially women, who have been raped and kept down by pigs like you for far too long. WE ARE THE WOMEN OF THE NIGHT. If you're going to rub salt in our wounds and laugh about it with your beer buddies, we will find you some day and expose you to the same violence you dream about in your bedroom, only this time it'll be REAL. Don't fuck with this Kentucky dyke, boy.

To be honest, I must say that there are things in Answer Me that I've really enjoyed, especially Debbie Goad's articles. Debbie seems like she's really in a lot of pain—REAL pain, not poseur-pain—a lot of it no doubt caused by that asshole of a husband she has. I think that if she ever squeezes out from under Jim's thumb and tells him to get lost, she has the stuff to be a really important writer. And I have to confess something else—I think I have a crush on her hateful, frizzy-haired self. That's right, Debbie. Hate your magazine, love you. I know that Chocolate gets all jealous about this kind of thing, but I can't help my poor little country self. They say that there's not much difference between love and hate, and every time I see your pissed-off little face in

Maximum Rock and Roll or Details, I fall a little bit more in love with you. Ever take a walk on the wild side, Debbie? Don't knock something until you tried it. If you're ever in Kentucky, look me up. You just might find that the ANSWER lies in a little furry patch between my legs.





J. Keith Layne, our point man in the hoax, standing outside the post office in Freeburn, Kentucky.

For diversity, I also schlepped a few final issues to zines which I'd never seen but whose very names annoyed me. J. Keith boomeranged all response mail back to us in Hollywood and was noble enough not to read anything. J. Keith is one of the good ones. He's for real.

INVASION OF THE ZINE WEASELS

Since its inception, ANSWER Me! critics have had a "reality problem" with it. For some reason, they can't believe that we MEAN what we say. The first mag ever to review ANSWER Me! challenged my editorial statement

that "we're too **real** to attract many advertisers, anyway." "Mat," from a now-defunct Jersey zine, once wrote me a letter stating that a lot of scenesters argued as to whether or not we're for **real**. The very handsome Aaron (see photo, this page) inferred that because we were courteous to our interviewees, our anger couldn't be **real**. You wouldn't believe how many times we've heard this. One million? Six million? However many Jews were killed in the Holocaust—that's how many times we've heard we aren't for real. Jumpin' Jehoshaphat, some people don't even think "Goad" is our real name!

I reluctantly find myself ankle-deep in the zine world, a choppy white sea of Xeroxed retardation. ANSWER Me! is somehow mistaken as a "fanzine," that smelly combustion of crude sloganeering and twenty-four-hour copy shops. We're not fans, so we're not a fanzine. And the more generic term "zine" has a vaguely chipmunky ring to it. Sounds too cute and eager-to-please. Personally, I have nothing against zines. From a pile of shit sometimes rises...well, flies. Filthy, disease-spreading flies. Perhaps I do have something against zines.

To my mind, this is how a zine usually reads: Woke up. Had chamomile tea and toast smeared with yummy orange marmalade. Pet the cat. Went to the food co-op, where I stocked up on brown rice and bulgur. Went to the coffee shop and wrote a long letter to an old friend. Don't you hate when there are coffee grounds on the bottom of your espresso cup? Paid for the coffee and mailed the letter. Went home. Caught the Rush Limbaugh TV show for the first time. What an asshole. The main problem with these zines isn't that they're personal, it's that the writers' lives are howling crevasses of dullness. Reading their prose is as thrilling as watching giraffes chew on eucalyptus leaves. Before they dove into self-expression, they should have made sure they HAD a self to express.

The most significant thing about Faith Impulse and Valerie Chocolate, no matter how absurdly we depicted their lives, was that NO ZINESTERS QUESTIONED WHETHER OR NOT THEY WERE FOR REAL. Everyone believed that Faith and Val were the shit. EVERYONE. But they were ethereal, a fabrication. They don't exist, only in your rudimentary minds. We created a false reality, and you fell for it. The only thing real about Chocolate Impulse was the PO Box—and you believed the whole story.

HERE COME THE SUCKERS

From what we know, ten zines have printed reviews of Chocolate Impulse, with nine of them reprinted to the right. (The tenth guy is too nice, so we spared him.) As a result of those reviews, we filled about fifty mail orders from unwitting zine consumers.

As we put this issue of ANSWER Me! to bed, Chocolate Impulse has received a hundred and twelve articles of mail. I'm going to focus on the responses of five zine editors, because I think that each of them illustrates a separate loathsome facet of zinedom. I was planning to send each of these zine jerks a copy of this issue, but I prefer to let their friends—who all read ANSWER Me!—break the news to them. Join me in laughing at their gullibility, won't you?

JEFF

Stupid in Seattle, Jeff publishes a zine with a title even dumber than Chocolate Impulse. He seems the classic B-grade rock critic, reviewing bands by comparing them to four or five other bands.

We feel sorry for Jeff. He takes out little ads in the back of national newsprint zines, desperate ads which ask if his publication is "The Best Zine in America?" What's so very pathetic about Jeff is the fact that HE has to ask whether he's the best. The question never even occurred to anyone else.

Besides publishing ANSWER Me!, we had never done anything to bother Jeff. Then one day we get a postcard from him. The only message on it was, "Ooh—scary!" What a dick.

We sent Jeff a copy of Chocolate Impulse. He sent "Valerie" and "Faith" a postcard which read, in part, "I esp. liked yr take on ANSWER Me!—Very silly zine." A few months later, Jeff simultaneously sent ANSWER Me! and Chocolate Impulse print reviews of their respective zines. He called ANSWER Me! "silly" and "contrived." But of Chocolate Impulse, he wrote, "This is the **real** thing....Faith's 'In the Cross Hairs' article rips apart ANSWER Me! in a concise + precise essay."

You called me silly, Jeffy-Weffy. Who looks silly now?

LEAH

She's a hip, rich, teenaged grrrl living the hippity-dip alternative lifestyle in Manhattan. (Ask her Massachusetts parents who pays the rent.) She publishes a riot grrrl zine which is remarkable only for the fact that its layout "scheme" is worse than Chocolate Impulse's.



BELOW: A response to Chocolate Impulse's anti-ANSWER Me! article sent to us by Aaron (RIGHT), who also does his own zine.

A lot of ugly guys do zines. Can you imagine being SO insecure that you have to slag something because all your friends like it?

in the Crosshairs - OK, now, have you read #1? If not please turn to pg. 28 and thrill to my Jim Goad-bashing. Pretty funny, huh? Har-de-Har-Har. Yeah, I was laughing my ass off too. UNTIL Mr. Goad got my phone number, rumors of death threats started flying around, E-T-FUCKIN'-C. I had one or two hour long conversations with Goad that finally cleared things up, but JESUS - please don't send Chocolate Impulse to him. (Actually, I wrote mine in 1992, when EVERY review I read of AnswerMe! was a sickening "greatest magazine ever written" spiel, which even Goad admitted made him nauseous [he was probably lying]) Now there seems to be something of a backlash (just this month I've read four or five "fuck youse" to "Mr. Hate", so hopefully he doesn't have time to keep up with all the malcontents. Can you imagine his phone bill? Can you imagine being SO insecure that if someone said ANYTHING bad about your magazine, they must DIE? (I should stop... I'm terrified of this shit getting back to 'em... I know, I'm a pussy, I dislike pain...)

You like us! You REALLY like us!



"Valerie Chocolate"
(a.k.a. Debbie Goad)



"Faith Impulse"
(a.k.a. Jim Goad)

She named her zine after an old female rock star who had more talent than Leah ever will.

Leah never directly provoked us. Indirectly, maybe. She's a grrrl. That's provocation enough. So we sent her a copy of *Chocolate Impulse*.

Leah responded with two letters. Here's a passage from the first, dated March 27: "You're both pretty awesome writers....I also could relate to your rant against the Goads—but, yeah, I agree, Deb is pretty cute!"

Debbie was elated, only to be heartbroken on July 7, when Leah sent a new issue of her zine along with a note which contained these words: "Totally agreed with you on the Goad thing. (Except for Faith's crush on Deb—ewww)." Make up your mind, Leah—Debbie can't wait forever, you know!

Leah. Another rich, schizophrenic, "oppressed" riot grrrl with a big mouth and nothing to say. Why don't you just Leah down and die?

KEVIN

Kevin shakes his radical-fairy buns up in frosty Minneapolis, a town which still fiercely clings to depressing, early-80s-style shit-graphics and hilariously outmoded anarchist threat-zines. To give you a sense of just how far Kevin floats out in the ionosphere, he thinks that *Profane Existence* is a right-wing publication.

Without ever attributing them to *ANSWER Me!*, Kevin lifted three whole paragraphs from my "Wrath of Goad" editorial in *AM!* #2 and put them in his zine. He then wrote a "commentary" on those three paragraphs which was so disjointed and illogical, I'm starting to think that all the sperm Kevin's taking up his ass is rotting his brain. I'd quote some of it, but it doesn't make any sense. TRUST me on that.

So we sent Kevin a copy of *Chocolate Impulse*. "Good shooting on the *ANSWER Me!* article," he wrote back in a letter addressed to Valerie and Faith. "I bought one without knowing what it was—what shit....If you hate everyone so much, why are you trying to communicate with us?"

Because it's so much fun, Kevin. And I have a question for you—why the hell do you buy magazines without first looking at them? You ARE radical—radically unintelligent.

Chocolate Impulse #1, c/o C.I., P.O.Box [redacted], Freeburn, KY, 41528;

Two grrrls who live in some godfuck reddneck town in KY—one is black, a story about the hateful people where they live; a full color back cover of a french buttplug. "Pot-smokin', Cunt-lickin', Lesbian Kentucky Weekend," an Answer Me rant that I wish I'd written and is worthy of being in that publication itself, good fiction.

Another **GET IT AND BE GOOD!!!**

CHOCOLATE IMPULSE 1, \$1 & 2 Stp, HS-36-R (POB. [redacted] Freeburn, KY 41528 USA)

New zine with nice color xerox cover and put out by "two dykes from Kentucky." Lots of articles and short stories on being a lesbian in Kentucky.

Chocolate Impulse

PO Box [redacted]

Freeburn, KY 41528

(\$1 + 2 stamps)

#1 — color xerox cover. Almost solid essay, with occasional graphics to spice things up. Stuff includes: an intro about Faith and Val and their relationship and living circumstances (sounds like hell); taking aim at Debbie and Jim Goad; fiction; poetry; dealing with death; details of a crazy weekend trip; and lots more. Well written, pretty funny stuff. You probably should send an age statement to be safe.

Chocolate Impulse
\$1.00 and 2 stamps,
possibly dirty PJ's in trade
POB [redacted]; Freeburn, KY 41528

The lovely color Xerox cover is a gateway into the private lives of Valerie Chocolate and Faith Impulse who may or may not be the only two lesbians in Freeburn. Sex fiction, sad poetry, and tales of Rock N' Roll in Kentucky combined with truly perverse and funny clip art and some hard writing about Jim Goad. BONUS: the back cover is a dildo ad with copy written in French. (CONFIDENTIAL: when you leave Freeburn, girls, move to Austin if you feel you have to stay in the South. You'll sleep easier and probably live happier.) (C)

CHOCOLATE IMPULSE #1/\$1+2 stamps
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs.

OK, you think you live in the middle of nowhere, well Valerie and Faith live on the "fringes" of nowhere. That's in Kentucky. Which is bad enough. But then Faith is white, Valerie is black. The town hates them for being friends. They'd kill 'em if they knew they were lovers... This is their story, a real "Ma & Ma Kettle" of punk, with comments on Answer Me zine, and lots of sex stuff (Pot-Smokin', Cunt-lickin' Lesbian Kentucky Weekend!) and more! So when you're finally tired of reading 'bout daddy not buying that riot girl that big red bike, daddy bike daddy red bike daddy red daddy... zine, pick this one up. (JX) PO Box [redacted] / Freeburn, KY 41528

CHOCOLATE IMPULSE

#1 (P.O. Box [redacted], Freeburn, KY 41528)

"Pot-smokin' cunt-lickin', lesbian Kentucky weekend" is the title of one piece in this 32-page zine, and it pretty much encapsulates the general feel of the deal. Faith and Valerie are girlfriends that live in some shithole town that they are trying desperately to raise enough money to escape before they're lynched or something. That's probably a genuine concern, as no doubt these gals stand out just a bit demographically. "Stink-Wrapped" with some brown stuff that I'm afraid to touch. \$1 and 2 stamps. (TK)

Chocolate Impulse #1 (\$1 + two 29 cent stamps to PO Box [redacted] Freeburn KY 41528)

This is the real thing. Valerie (black) + Faith (white), not their real names, two tough mamas in rural KY with a lot to say and they are not afraid to say what they mean and say it mean! They tackle "issues" like racism, sexism, + classism from their own experiences—not just from reading about them in books. This is as much more extreme than yr basic riot grrrl zine than 1984 Whitehouse is noisier than Ace of Base. Faith's "In the Cross Hairs" rips apart *Answer Me!* in a concise + precise essay. Their adventures read like *Theona & Louise* re-written by Kathy Acker.

+ Chocolate Impulse #1: Valerie Chocolate and Faith Impulse are two rednecks (even though Valerie's black), but they know how to have fun. This zine proves once again that zines done by people from the middle of nowhere are often much better than those done by people in big cities. There's a piece about the hate-filled people in the place where they live; a great anti-Answer Me rant (although Faith admits to a crush on Debbie Goad); fiction about a woman who can't have pleasurable sex; the deaths of friends; a story about a woman and her furry lover; "Pot-smokin', Cunt-lickin', Lesbian Kentucky Weekend"; poems by Valerie, including one about the "incoherent and ill" Claudia; full-color cover features a French buttplug. C.I. c/o, Box [redacted], Freeburn, KY 41528 (D-36/\$1+2 stamps)

Chocolate Impulse #1, P.O. Box [redacted], Freeburn, Kentucky 41528, 32 pages
5 1/2" x 8 1/2", \$1.00 & 2 stamps.

Personal 'zine from Valerie Chocolate & Faith Impulse. Black & white w/color cover. Mostly Faith rants about bigoted asshole rednecks in Freeburn; her life with Valerie; & her desire to move to a city. Valerie writes intense, insightful short fiction about relationships & sex gone awry. In *The Crosshairs* targets the infamous Goads (Jim & Debbie) of *Answer Me!* 'zine notoriety & poses the question, "Are you for real?"



☞ DUMB BITCHIE

Because she's a dog who needs to be spayed, I've "altered" this stinky broad's udderly worthless and supremely goofy "zine name." Bitchie is somehow romantically entwined with Selwyn, the "tough guy" I quoted at the beginning of this article. In his writing, Selwyn dribbles like a broken condom about how tough he is. In *her* writing, Bitchie can't stop barking about how tough Selwyn is.

Curiously, Selwyn isn't keen to preen about what happened when he encountered ME. He was so terrified, he threatened to call BOTH the LAPD and NYPD to report me. I guess he's only a tough guy around chicks, huh, Bitchie? And you're both so fucking real, I suppose that's why you hide behind pseudonyms, isn't it?

As was the case with EVERYONE named in this article except Leah, Bitchie took the first shot. We weren't even planning to include her in the hoax, but she stumbled over her tits and fell into it. In a letter dated August 2, she sent *Chocolate Impulse* the first two issues of her dreadful boob-zine along with this message: "...Hey, what's this I hear about you publishing anti-ANSWER Me! stuff? I mean, I'm definitely *behind* you, but I'm also scared for you! Jim Goad threatened my mate w/death & made obscene & threatening calls to his fucking parents!"

Get the facts straight, Bitchie. Stop licking your nipples long enough to speak the TRUTH for a change. It was DEBBIE who threatened Selwyn's parents, not me. Debbie could kick

both your asses at the same time. That's why I love her.

Your lunkheaded boyfriend once wrote about how the truth hurts, Bitchie. This might sting a little bit, too: I know people where he works, and they tell me he's been porking everything that walks through their doorways. So much for your "mate."

Now for you. I thought that "Molesto the Clown" thing was pretty funny on the back cover of your first issue. I'm sure that you found it mirthful, too, when you stole it from page ninety-eight of ANSWER Me! #2.

You were right in what you wrote to *Chocolate Impulse*, Bitchie. You're "definitely behind" us. You're sniffing our assholes, looking for clues.

☞ AARON

Young but overweight, Aaron is notable for having written the most viciously personal anti-ANSWER Me! review in history.

He called us "sad, lonely people trapped in the dark." He called us old. He called us rich. He called us insincere. And without ever having met us, he stated that I don't pay enough attention to Debbie, in the boudoir or elsewhere. OOF!

Aaron didn't restrain himself from speculating about our psychological motivations for producing ANSWER Me! That's why I have no qualms about headshrinking *him*.

In his eager-little-beaver of a fanzine, Aaron's thin lips foam over insubstantial, cardboard-pop-up, trash-culture icons. A boy who accused ANSWER Me! of unoriginality packs his own zine with music reviews, Q & A's, and scene gossip. But look at it a pinch more carefully—apply the same "critical eye" Aaron said he was focusing on ANSWER Me! What psychological significance can you find in the things he puts in his zine? There's a male porn star here, a 70s pinup broad there, surrounded by

happy-happy text which annoyingly lapses into black vernacular.

Look at the picture of Aaron on page 128. It's quite easy to draw these conclusions:

- He could never be a male porn star.
- He could never snag a 70s pinup broad. (He sent *Chocolate Impulse* a photo of his girlfriend, and she's even ghastlier than he is.)
- And, try as he may to emulate Snoop Doggy Dogg, he could never be black.

Aaron's lardlike buns are stuck in a world of nonreality. It's hipness-by-osmosis. He's a quintessential fanboy.

Since Aaron treated ANSWER Me! the worst, I suppose there's some poetic justice in the fact that the pear-shaped, Jay Leno-chinned zine maven bit down the hardest on our hoax.

Shortly after we sent him *Chocolate Impulse*, Aaron shot back a four-page letter which bubbled with I'm-a-woman-in-a-man's-body excitement. Whereas he had found the writing in ANSWER Me! to be "so obvious and clumsy that [it] fall[s] below criticism," he gurgled that *Chocolate Impulse* was "the best zine I've seen all year....Open, honest, sympathetic writing, unlike most zine editors, who huff and puff and put me off....WELL WRITTEN POETRY!...Jesus Christ! Do you realize how many zine impossibilities you have accomplished with your very first issue? The mind reels."

Indeed it does, Aaron. Reel on this: anatomy is destiny, and you're a mixture of Judd Nelson and Tweedledum. That's the REAL reason why you write pro-geek, anti-macho essays, isn't it? Remember some of the playful suggestions you made as to how I could spend more meaningful time with my wife? Here's one for you: Tonight when you're plowing that field mouse you call a girlfriend, try REALLY hard to pretend you're both good-looking.

Toward the end of his letter, Aaron encourages Valerie and Faith to "show those motherfuckers in Freeburn a *real* fuck you, the kind Jim Goad could never fathom—be happy."

Fathom this, Aaron—Jim Goad's very happy right now. REALLY.





YOUR ZINE IS THE REASON THE WORLD WILL END SOON

So you button up your uniform, fasten your badge, grab your registration card, and walk out into the inky dusk, thinking that you're an individual. You're fooling yourself. Your zine is self-expression on cruise control. Your paper was created using a formula. In five or six years, someone will write a software program which will cough up a zine like yours in less than a minute.

You know the black, powdery toner inside the Xerox machine which copies your zine? That toner laughs at you behind your back. The paper on which you copy your zine cries, "RAPE!" If you open your zine and listen very closely, you can hear the faint sound of words whispering that they were misused.

Nothing in your zine shatters the senses. Nothing in your zine makes me cry or laugh. There's nothing to agree with in your zine. What's worse, there's nothing worth bothering to disagree with. There's nothing new in your zine, and even the old stuff sucked back when it was new. Your zine won't lead people to create or destroy. If you held a burning match under it, your zine still wouldn't catch fire. Your zine is the reason the world will end soon, because your zine is a staggering example of straight-arrow mediocrity.

It isn't the extremists, it's the average people who are killing the planet. The extremists have always prodded the human beast toward greatness. You and your middling, unexceptional efforts are choking the earth dead at its roots. There are too many normal people. Average pricks such as you are ruining it for all of us. Because there are so many of you, the Great Average Masses have arrested the species' advancement. Average

DNA replicates itself geometrically, stuffing every inch of the earth with ordinary people.

Your zine is a celebration of the fact that people can't think anymore. What will all of you slacker creeps do in forty to fifty years, when your breed is so degenerated, your brains such dry clusters of hardened jelly, that you can't even work your television remote controls? Huh, dude? What will happen to the world when people are so stupid, they can't even figure out how to watch TV?

I'm ready to die for my magazine—are you ready to die for *anything*? Are you ready to sweat for anything? You set too many limits. You want the glory, but you don't want to WORK for it. I try harder than you do. I call it dedication. You call it slickness. We put more thought into one article than you put into a lifetime. If we're for real, you're finished, and you know it. Lying is the only way you can attack us.

Publishing *Chocolate Impulse* was my way of spreading anthrax among the zine sheep, of loosening your grip on reality. Falsehoods are everywhere. Only the clever among you will suss them out.

Chocolate Impulse was created on "zine" terms, and the zine world predictably embraced it. It must be hard for you to admit that not only can we do a better "slick" magazine than you can, we can do a better zine than you can. It took us eight days to throw that pile of slop together. We could do forty *Chocolate Impulses* a year. It's easy for us to do what you do. But you'd never be able to do what we do. What the fuck are you good for?

You're good for our amusement. We get great pleasure out of laughing at your paltry efforts. You entertain us in ways you can't imagine.

You cast the first stone. You wish you hadn't thrown it. You wish that the pebble would sail backwards into your hand, where your wet palm would clutch it tightly and hide it from my gaze. You didn't know what you were getting into when you chose not to believe us.

And now, suddenly, there's no way for you to get out. You got in way over your head, and no sort of humiliating apology can save you. When you chose to talk shit about me, you made a friend for life. You have a Good monkey on your back. I'll never forget you. My entire life has been organized to ensure I get the last laugh.

We're in your homes, we're in your schools, we're in your police and military, and we even have some of your priests and ministers on our side. They're working around the clock like little elves, making sure our enemies' lives slowly disintegrate.

The shit won't stop, zine bitches. Just when you were peering out your front door, hoping not to see me outside with my gun, there I was, hiding in your mailbox. Go ahead—move to another state, grow a beard, wear glasses, get plastic surgery—I'll find you. And for a while, you won't even know it's me. You know that friendly man at the gas station who wipes your windows and checks your oil? It could be me. And that cashier at the supermarket looked a little like me, too, didn't he? Years may pass, but I never forget. Revenge keeps me ticking.

My enemies underestimated me. Just because I'm loud, they thought I was dumb. What a dumb mistake. I can break you down to quarklike simplicity with my mind or my hands. Just when you think we've been adequately pigeonholed and defused, we come from a completely new direction. Day after day, we rip open new assholes in you.

It took a hoax to prove that we're real. I become more powerful when you hate me. I become more powerful when you love me. I become more powerful when you're indifferent. I become more powerful because I speak the truth. If you were hated, it would devastate you. To me, it's like a blood transfusion, a new reason to live. I'm a bloodsucker who gorges on your weakness. Fuck all of you. I hate you more than you could ever hate me back. And that's for **REAL.** ■

